And here is come to doe some villanous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague* :
Can vengeance be pursu'd further then death ?
Condemned Villaine, I doe apprehend thee.
Obey and goe with me, for thou must dye.
Ro. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flye hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Put not another sinne vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, O be gone,
By Heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercie bid thee runne away.
Par. I doe defie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee Boy.
Page O, Lord, they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Ro. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutio's Kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue marryed *Iuliet*,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes Booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue; O no, A Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
For here lyes *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lye thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,

Haue

Haue they beene merrie? whic
A lightning before death? O
Call this a Lightning? O my
Death that hath suckt the Ho
Hath had no power yet vpon
Thou art not conquer'd, beau
Is Crimson in thy lips, and in
And Deaths pale flag is not a
Tibalt lyest thou there in thy b
O what more fauour can I doe
Then with that hand that cut
To sunder his that was thine e
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah dear
Why art thou yet so faire? I
Shall I beleeue, that vnsubsta
And that the leane abhorred
Thee here in darke to be his P
For feare of that, I still will st
And neuer from this palace of
Depart againe; here, here wi
With Wormes that are thy C
Will I set vp my euerlasting re
And shake the yoke of inausp
From this World-wearied fl
Armes take your last embrace
The doores of breath, seale w
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingros
Come bitter conduct, come v
Thou desperate Pilot, now at
The dashing Rockes, thy Sea-
Here's to my Loue. O true A
Thy Drugs are quicke. Thus w

Enter Frier *with Lant*

Fri. Saint *Francis* be my sp
Haue my old feet stumbled at